

THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

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PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902.

PRICE 2 CENTS

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FROM THE
HERALD ON

**JOB
PRINTING.**

For neat and attractive
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place.



WALLER TALKS.

Addresses The Crowded Court
At Manila.

Cites Precedents Which Apply
To His Own Case

"Neither My People Nor The World
Will Believe Me A Murderer."

Manila, April 11.—Maj. Littleton J. T. Waller, now being tried by a court martial on the charge of executing Samar natives without trial, addressed the crowded court today. He said that he was either right or wrong in his actions and added that he desired to cite five precedents that came under the head of his own case. He alluded to the naval battle of Santiago and to the humanity which he had shown to captured Spaniards. He said that he had many letters from Spaniards thanking him for the kindness which he had shown them. Maj. Waller said that in 1852 he was with the British in Egypt. The Arabs captured pickets of the Bengal cavalry, decapitated the prisoners and stuck their heads on poles. After this all Arabs caught were shot without trial. During the Chinese campaign, the Chinese mutilated the dead and tortured the wounded. Consequently every Boxer or fanatic taken prisoner was executed immediately. This was true, said Maj. Waller, of the troops of all the nations in China. It was true during the three weeks when he was in command of the American forces. The same thing was done later, however, when he was not there. No protest was made, he said, and he had every right to believe that his acts were approved. "It is impossible," continued Maj. Waller, "to conceive such treachery as that of the Samar native. He revels in blood and has an appetite for wanton sacrifice upon the human body. These fiends jammed the bodies of my soldiers with jam and jelly and attempted to murder captives, and I shot them. I honestly thought then that I was doing right and I believe so now. Neither my people nor the world will believe me a murderer."

Amlet, Lady of Lyons, Cardinal Richelieu, Othello.

SELECTION TO BE ANNOUNCED.

Elaborate Scenery!

Superb Costumes!

ICES - - - \$1.00, 75c, 50c and 35c.

Thursday Evening, April 17th.

FAST DAY TREAT.

THE TALK OF BOSTON!

Rice's Production of R. A. Barnett's Great Cadet Success,

**A P
F
O R T U N E**
OR
**T H E
S H O W
G I R L**

ENTRANCING MUSIC BY E. L. REARIZ AND E. W. COELLISS,
GREAT BEAUTY SHOW, TOWNE'S FIRST CAVALRY
BAND AND A CAST OF 80 ARTISTS.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Notwithstanding the enormous
cost of transportation and immense company, the prices
will be

\$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c, 35c.

LAWN GRASS

-SEED-

SPECIAL MIXTURE.

I. P. WENDELL & CO.
2 MARKET SQUARE.

RUBBER HORSE SHOES.
LEATHER HOOF PADS.

Snow Flake and Crown Axle Grease.
MILLER'S HARNESS DRESSING.

Rider & Cotton,
65 MARKET STREET.

MURDERER CONFESES.

Professor Miller Tells How He Killed
Miss Carrie Jennett in Detroit.

Detroit, Michigan, April 11.—Prof. Jos. M. Miller at twelve o'clock confessed to committing the murder of Carrie M. Jennett. After being in the sweat box an hour and twenty minutes Miller broke down and confessed the crime. Assistant Prosecutor Merriam, three officers and the official stenographer of the police department were present. Miller said that he had intimate relations with the girl and was responsible for her condition. He said he offered to send Miss Jennett to a lying in hospital, but she refused to go, insisting that he leave his family and go to some other city with her. This he would not do. Wednesday night when he started from home for the lodge meeting he had an engagement with the girl and intended to kill her. He took the hatchet that was found by the officers yesterday in his kitchen with him. He secreted this on 17th street on his way to the meeting. When he left the room he secured the hatchet again and proceeded to the corner of Fourteenth and Warren avenue, where he met Miss Jennett. They walked over to Thirteenth street and out to where the killing was done. Miller says they sat down on the sidewalk and talked for a while, the girl urging him to abandon his family and leave the city with her. He then whipped out the hatchet and struck her on the head. When asked why he mutilated her so, Miller said he had no recollection of anything after the first blow until he found himself wiping the blood off his hatchet on the grass in the vacant lot.

DESPERATE BATTLE.

Saloon Keeper In Chicago Stands Off
Eight Drunken Marauders.

Chicago, April 11.—In a desperate battle early today between a saloon keeper and eight drunken marauders armed with revolvers, two men were shot and two others badly wounded by a bullet. The fight occurred in Michael Adonowicz's saloon on the south side. Two men covered Adonowicz with revolvers while another pair started to open the cash register. Adonowicz, undaunted by the pistols leveled at him, seized a heavy bottle and assailed his captors with a vigor so sudden that both were stretched out in a trice. Then Adonowicz snatched a revolver from a third robber and opened fire. Michael Bensley, one of the intruders, fell with bullets in his hip and abdomen. The fire was returned by Bensley's companions. Adonowicz was struck on the head and knocked senseless. When the police arrived the men with the exception of Bensley, who was unconscious, had fled. Later Herman Podolak and Joseph Polaczynski, supposed to have been concerned in the affair, were arrested. Adonowicz was returned easily. The saloon is a complete wreck.

BATTLE EXPECTED.

Government Troops Set Forth To
Fight The Revolutionists Near
Pirita.

Willemstad, Island of Curacao, April 11.—News has reached here that government troops to the number of fifteen hundred, under the command of Gen. Velutini, minister of the interior, have left Pirita, a small village on the seashore near Barcelona, to engage the revolutionists under Gen. Monagas, who are encamped fifteen miles from Pirita. A battle is expected between these forces today. If it is won by the revolutionists, the victory will be the signal for a general uprising.

CREDIT TO DELAREY.

Methuen Says That The Boer General
Treated Him And His Fellow
Prisoners With Kindness.

London, April 11.—Gen. Methuen's despatch on the subject of the Tweedsmuir disaster was published by the Gazette this evening. It adds nothing to the details already made public. Gen. Methuen pays a tribute to the Boer commander, saying that Gen. Delarey "treated the prisoners and myself with the greatest kindness and left Gen. Cellier to look after our wounded on the ground."

WADE HAMPTON DEAD.

Columbia, S. C., Apr. 11.—General Wade Hampton died this morning at nine o'clock. His death was the result of a general breakdown. General Hampton celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday last week. A month ago he had a severe attack and his children were called to his bedside. He rallied, however, and was out driving a week ago. In the last few days his condition rapidly grew worse.

THE BLAKELY DAMAGED.

Boston, April 11.—The torpedo boat Blakely, now on the marine railway at East Boston, will receive quite extensive repairs. During the gale of Tuesday night, she went adrift from her moorings at Hawley's yard, South Boston, and collided with the wharf, being quite seriously damaged.

BROOKE FOR GOVERNOR.

Philadelphia, April 11.—Major General John R. Brooke, U. S. A., is mentioned as the candidate upon whom the republican organization leaders will unite for governor.

TO CURE GRIP IN TWO DAYS.

Laxative Bromo-Quinoline removes the cause. E. W. Grove's signature on every box. Price 25 cents.

AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Topics Of The Day Discussed
In Washington.

Things Political, Commercial And Otherwise Being Talked About.

Letter From The Chatty Special Correspondent Of The Herald

(Special Correspondence.)

Washington, D. C., April 10, 1902.

The fight over the Cuban tariff concessions has been transferred to the floor of the house. The discussions promise to be very lively owing to the fact that some thirty republicans are unalterably averse to granting even the 20 per cent reduction decided upon by the ways and means committee.

They will be supported by quite a number of democrats under the leadership of the Louisiana delegation who will strenuously oppose any reduction, unless they consider it a menace to the prosperity of the southern sugar growers. The majority of the democrats, however, will favor even a deeper cut than the 25 per cent proposed and hail this as an opening wedge in the assault against high protection.

They will offer amendments having for their purpose the opening of the whole tariff question. Much interest is manifested by all who take any interest in legislation.

The senate has occupied some days in the consideration of the Chinese exclusion bill. Not that there is any great need for discussion, but more to allow the statesmen an opportunity to go on record. No party policies are involved. When this matter is finally disposed of, the Philippine government bill is to be taken up. On this subject the party lines will be sharply drawn. Many attempts will be made by the democrats to so amend the bill as to embarrass the administration in its handling of a difficult problem. While such motives are not very patriotic, to say the least, yet it is considered good politics and fair, to endeavor to put the dominant party in a "hole."

Now that the "crown of thorns" begins to prick the head of a silver prophet, the Louisiana legislature has passed a resolution calling for abandonment of Bryanism. Again, the mover of that resolution is in Washington and adds insult to injury by announcing that he and the people down his way are for Gorman.

Free trade organs are worrying considerably because the price of steel rails is much higher than it was in the dull times of 1893. They need not, however; the price of railroad fares has not increased; neither have freight rates advanced. On the contrary, both are on the decline constantly. Never before could grain or any farm produce be shipped so cheap as now.

The "oleo" bill as it passed the senate is much more carefully framed than the bill which passed the house. The latter bill to all intents and purposes provided a tax on oleomargarine made up in "imitation of butter," but this section was weak, as it only designated oleo which was colored yellow in imitation of butter, not making any provision for oleomargarine colored orange or any of the various shades of that color. The senate bill provides for a tax of 10 cents per pound on all oleo in which artificial coloring matter has been placed in order to imitate pure butter.

The esteemed Baltimore Sun says that the American republican tariff is the main factor in preventing the great increase in our manufacturers. In other words the Sun would counsel a return to the splendid industry of the Wilson low free trade days, would it? We all remember it.

Why is it that the "Commoner" has remained silent so long on the results in Arkansas? Surely Jones never neglected to explain why Bryan was defeated. It is the colonel's turn to pronounce the obituary.

There is a proposition pending before the committee on finance of the senate direction the prohibition of the importation of opium for other than medicinal purposes.

Under the treaty between the United States and China, citizens of the United States and of China were forbidden to import opium into the United States, it being the intention of the framers of the treaty to thus prevent the importation of that dreaded drug for other than medicinal purposes.

That medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It cures radically and permanently, in that it removes the cause, cleansing the blood of serofluous and all other impurities. It overcomes all the effects of catarrh, too, and builds up the whole system.

PLANT SYSTEM MILEAGE.

One thousand mile books of the Plant System of Railways good from Washington to Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, Thomasville, Jacksonville, Tampa, Albany, Brunswick and all intermediate points. Rate \$25 each. On sale at office of J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent, No. 290 Broadway, New York.

ANOTHER BIG STRIKE?

Will There Be A General Bolt
At The Whipple?

Principal And Assistants Getting Out
Their Fences.

"Give Us Half An Hour Recess!"
Shouts The Youthful Revolu-
tionists.

The small boys at the Whipple school are up in arms—figuratively. It hasn't been necessary yet to call out a squad of police to guard the persons of the principal and his assistants, for the young chaps have not resorted to violence upon the windows or assault upon the desks. But there's a weird something in the air there that bodes ill.

"Give us half an hour recess or we'll play hooky!"

Such is the slogan that has been raised. An ultimatum is being prepared by the leaders and if it is not granted, it is likely that the boys will march indignantly out on a "strike."

The strikes of the painters and longshoremen for shorter hours and more pay has had its effect at the Whipple.

"Why can't we get longer hours of recess and more play?" This was the query propounded by one or two of the older boys during an impromptu caucus on the sunny side of the building this Saturday morning, and it was quick to be taken up by the rest.

So the Whipple faces a "strike": There seems to be but one way of heading off this general "bolt." That is, to seize the "ringleaders" with a firm hand, lay on the hardwood fumie where it will have the most influence and threaten the others in this "revolutionary" army with the same fate.

The authorities at the Whipple feel that it is necessary to nip this "rebellion" in the bud, for if it should succeed, the bright little fellows in the other schools might take up the idea and then we should have a big corps of principals and teachers standing around sadly, all out of a job!

You see, the pupils at the Whipple have only a ten minute recess and the boys loudly assert that it isn't long enough by far.

"Why, say, you can't have any kind of a game! Just as you get sides chosen and the first man goes up to bat, that bell rings and it's all off." That's what Tommy White and Bobby Brown will tell you if you ask them about it.

It is understood that these ambitious insurgents also intend to demand a "shutdown" on every circus day, a half holiday in the summer whenever the thermometer gets to a certain mark in the bulb and in the winter when the ice is good and solid.

There is one thing, however, which the Whipple youngsters have not taken into their calculations. They appear to overlook the probable fact that when they come romping triumphantly home after throwing down their tools and quitting the school in a body, their good parents will promptly take down the reliable old trunk strap and apply it with energy on the anatomy of their impudent offspring and then march them over to the principal with instructions for him to repeat the dose.

KITTERRY.

Miss Annie E. Williams of South Berwick is the guest over Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Justin H. Shaw of Pleasant street.

The Y. P. S. C. E. will clear quite a sum as the result of their entertainment on Thursday evening.

Rev. George Clarke Andrews will probably preach his farewell sermon at the Second Methodist church on Sunday morning.

Master Parry Kellar, who has been the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. Daniel Parry, returned to his home today.

Miss Nellie Card, who has been visiting friends in town for the past few days, has gone to Richmond, Me., for a visit.

L'Inconnu club held another of their assemblies in Wentworth hall last evening which was well attended and a good time enjoyed by all present.

Miss Maud Pray, who has been quite ill, is reported to be very much improved.

FRANK JONES SECURITIES CO.

Portsmouth Firm With \$25,000 Capital
Files Articles of Incorporation.

Concord, April 11.—Articles of incorporation were filed this morning with the secretary of state in relation to a new Portsmouth company which is to be known as the "Frank Jones Securities company." The capital stock is \$25,000. The company is organized for the purpose of dealing in stocks, bonds, etc. The incorporators are Frank Jones, J. V. Hanscom, Alfred F. Howard, Calvin Page and John H. Bartlett, all of Portsmouth.

The forthcoming production of Zephra promises to be a fine amateur achievement.

COWED BY HIS LOOK.

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER ONCE DISPERSED A MEETING.

Some of the Personal Characteristics of Cold Blooded, Courteous Aaron Burr—Peculiarities of the Eccentric John Randolph.

The personality and the peculiarities of our great statesmen are worth studying, says a writer in the Atlanta Constitution. They throw side lights upon character and conduct.

Among our early statesmen Aaron Burr was easily the first when considered as an elegant gentleman and man of the world. When he visited Savannah, in the height of his popularity, he charmed everybody, and the city overwhelmed him with social attentions.

Burr detested handshaking and permitted no familiarities. He would motion a visitor in his office to a chair and talk to him quietly, never making any gesture beyond the occasional motion of white finger.

Despite this rather offish manner, Burr charmed and fascinated. He had wonderful conversational powers, and upon one occasion his oratory melted the whole United States to tears.

He never spoke longer than 30 minutes even in his most important law cases. He was cold blooded. After his famous duel, when the death of Hamilton was announced to him, he showed d no emotion.

"Did he suffer much pain?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I regret it," said Burr; "it was my purpose to spare him needless pain."

Then he turned the conversation to another subject.

He was always courteous, and it is said that he never passed a countryman on a dusty road without first asking his permission.

People who knew them said that Andrew Jackson owed much of his polish to his intercourse with this man.

The duel with Hamilton ruined him and the charge of treason when he attempted to organize an expedition for the invasion of Mexico killed him as a public man. The charge was not proved, but it made him an object of suspicion.

It should be stated that this elegant society man showed at all times exceptional nerve and pluck in war and in his personal difficulties. There was not a braver officer in the Revolutionary army.

John Randolph had some peculiar ways. He scorned to court the favor of the masses when a candidate. He would not bow to any but his friends, nor shake hands with his constituents. Yet he was always elected.

He was almost a scarecrow in appearance, eccentric and oddly dressed with an ungainly, high-crested voice. But his keen wit, cutting sarcasm and crushing irony made people crazy to hear him.

Such a politician in our day would be regarded as a crank and would stand in disgrace before the people.

Daniel Webster was always posing. He seemed to know that people were looking at him. As a rule he was cold and dignified, but there were convivial moments when he was very genial and entertaining.

Upon one occasion, at Rochester, he came out on the balcony of his hotel and made the following speech to a crowd of admiring admirers:

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are 150 feet high. This is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Caesar, her Sertorius, but Rome, in her proudest days, never had a waterfall 150 feet high. Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her proudest days never had a waterfall 150 feet high! Men of Rochester, go on. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall 150 feet high."

It is needless to say that the crowd went wild with delight, and Webster was hustled off to bed.

His cold manner was offset by his magnificent personal appearance. An English lord who accidentally saw him in the house of commons, when the American senator was addressing that body during a recess, exclaimed:

"There! That is the first real man I ever saw!"

When New England failed to stand by him for the presidential nomination, Webster was called upon to speak while on a train which had stopped at a town of some importance. The statesman walked to the rear platform of his car, folding his arms across his breast and simply looked into the faces of his false friends.

The effect was marvelous. The crowd dispersed at once, each man going his own way, with his head down, without saying a word to the others.

A Wedding Superstition.

It has been considered unlucky to be married in May ever since the days of Ovid, and those people who have spent their time in looking up roots and reasons have given what they consider to be the origin of the superstition as follows:

In ancient Rome there was held in May a festival called the Lemuria, or fest of the Lenores, which was a ceremony in honor of the spirits of departed souls. It became with the Romans what we should call "bad form" to have matrimonial feasts at the season of a solemn ritual, being no doubt thought to be an insult to the dead to marry at such a time.

From this a number of stories grew of the revenge made by the outraged ghosts upon those who dared to disregard them, and if anything unfortunate happened to a couple who had been married in May it would, of course, have been put down to retribution. So the tradition of ill luck arose, and its influence has lasted ever since, even to our time.

MAYES' WAR STORY.

A Thrilling Incident of One Attack at Night.

The following incident of the great civil war was related by the late President R. B. Hayes while en route from Chicago to Indianapolis in the fall of 1870:

"I have frequently been asked," said General Hayes, "to tell the most thrilling experience that occurred to me during the four years in the volunteer army. It was in 1864 that the Army of West Virginia tried to capture Lynchburg, Va., but General Lee rapidly sent a heavy force to drive us back, and it was thought best to fall back to the Kanawha valley, where food and clothing could be had, and then go by the railways to Winchester again.

"General Jubal Early's army was pressing our forces at every point, and I was ordered by General George Crook, who commanded the division, to check the enemy until our wagon trains and artillery could get out of the way. A gap was chosen in the mountains, two or three regiments were ordered to build a barricade across the road to the gap, one regiment was sent up the mountain on the right and another on the left of the gap to protect the flanks. These regiments selected were as accurate in firing as riflemen could be.

"It was dark by the time all these

preparations could be made. General Crook was careful to give his instructions that the point must be held until the artillery and long wagon trains were beyond the reach of Early.

Darkness and the mountains enveloped us. Finally an order came to march, to follow the army. General Russel Hastings, my aid, was sent up the mountain on one side to direct the regiment to come down and take the picket in the rear of the brigade and march rapidly after the artillery.

"Another of my staff, Major William McKinley, was ordered to go up the mountain on the other side and direct the regiment to come down carefully and take the road in the rear of the breastworks. The duty was so perfunctory and of such great importance that the instructions were repeatedly given with the greatest care not to come down the mountain in front of the barricade, as in the darkness our men would fire into them.

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The Flower's Mission.

She tripped lightly down the street. At the corner as she stepped to the curb a rose that she carried in her hand slipped from her fingers and fell to the mud on the pavement.

For a moment she hesitated and looked down. There lay the flower, even then wilted and stained. She made to stoop and pick it up, then changed her mind and simply looked into the faces of his false friends.

Had you been passing just then you would have heard the rose sigh. Only once; then it lay there cold, frayed and wilted in the mud of the pavement.

It was nearly 6 o'clock when a little fellow with a bundle of papers under his arm hurried along.

His eyes were close to the ground, so he espied the rose. He stooped and picked it up and tried to wipe away the mud on the sleeve of his tattered ulster. Then he put it in his pocket and that night laid it on a tottering table at the bedside of a sick, poor child.

The next morning was Sabbath day, and when the eyes of the little girl opened they first fell upon the flower.

It had taken on a new life in the night and now lay fresh as on the hour it was picked through it. Occasionally his friends took occasion to verify his statements, and always they were found to have been correct.

Why It's All Right.

"They say our embassador's official black swallowtail coat doesn't cut much of a dash in European courts beside the gorgeous robes of other foreign embassadors."

"Yes, but there is an American in side of it"—Chicago Record.

RESCUED BY A NOSE.

HOW A HUMAN BLOODHOUND SAVED A KIDNAPED GIRL.

The Dramatic Climax to a Search That Restored the Young Woman to Her Friends and Unmasked the Villain in the Case.

Prevoste Paratole of middle Texas is a human bloodhound, says the New York Press. His amazing power of scent, for a long time exhibited for the amusement of his friends, was once put to practical test and resulted in running down the kidnaper of a young girl. He is an Australian by birth and passed his youth among the bushmen of the interior of that continent, acquiring from them his wonderful nasal equipment, which to look at, is not different from the nose of any one else.

Sallie Mayne, a neighbor of Paratole, disappeared. She had left a neighbor's house about sundown to go half a mile to her home. Forty or 50 persons, among whom was Paratole, began to search the woods the next morning when it became known that Sallie had not returned. She had several admirers, including a young man named Shadie and a rich old bachelor named Gadson. She had recently quarreled with Shadie, who had seemed to be her favorite.

Sallie did not join in the search, though Gadson did. This helped to throw suspicion on the young man, and no one thought ill of the rich bachelor. Paratole, with his nose close to the ground, followed the path that the girl was supposed to have taken. He stopped suddenly in the woods and began to smell of the bushes.

"It occurred right here. I smell Shadie," exclaimed Paratole. "Where is he? He had something to do with this business."

"Oh, we will find him!" shouted Gadson and a dozen others, and they set out to arrest Shadie. Paratole kept smelling of the bushes, and finally turned aside from the path and went into the woods. "Coole! Coole!" (the cry of the Australian bushmen) he shouted. "Here is a mess. I don't smell Mr. Shadie any more. I smell another man. Can't quite make him out."

Away they went through the woods for a mile or more, until they came to the shores of Polley's lake. While so acting along the banks and peering into the water, fearing that they might find the dead body of the girl, another crowd came up with Shadie. The young man was nearly scared to death. He admitted having met Sallie in the path, and said that they had a long talk and had made up.

"I believe every word he says," said Paratole. "He met Sallie, but some one else brought her out here." They were standing on a little cape that extended into the water, 50 or 60 feet. A great ledge of overhanging rock protruded far out. The man with the bloodhound nose kept smelling of the bushes and the rock.

"That girl was here not many hours ago," he said, "and I believe that, dead or alive, she is not far away right now."

At that instant he happened to pass near Gadson, and sniffing the air like an animal he sprang at the man's throat with fury.

"A rope—a knife!" he roared. "Bring me a knife! He knows where she is!" Gadson's friends at once rallied around him and rescued the accused.

"Stand back!" snarled the Australian. "He knows. Produce the girl," he shouted, "or I'll tear your heart out!" Gadson fell on his knees and pointed to the ledge, and there they found Sallie bound and gagged. When released, she confirmed Shadie's story and told how a few moments after she left him she met Gadson, who had a gun on his shoulder.

"I threatened to shoot me dead," he said, "and made me go off into the woods and brought me to this place, where he bound and gagged me and then told me to be still and he would come for me in a boat during the night and carry me off to old Mexico." And then the girl threw her arms about Paratole's neck and kissed his wonderful nose. Gadson escaped by the skin of his teeth. The girl interceded for him, and he was permitted to leave the country.

Paratole was born in the far interior of Australia more than 1,000 miles from the coast. He is pretty sure that his father was a Frenchman. As to his mother, he doesn't know. Neither does he know where his father settled among the naked savages, with whom the boy grew up. They were fond of the boy, and he frequently staid for months with them and his friends.

Great exertions are fairly expended, the fish rises to the surface, churning the water all round it into foam, and presenting a somewhat startling sight for the amateur. The hunters lose no time in shooting the monster before it has time to disappear, but not until it is quite dead do they venture to draw it with a spear.

The great halibut of the northwest

coast sometimes attains a weight of 1,000 pounds and is regarded as a dangerous game.

Origin of Cemeteries.

In ancient times burials were always outside the walls of a city or town. Indeed before the time of Christianity it was not lawful to bury the dead within the limits. About the end of the sixth century St. Augustine obtained of King Ethelbert a temple of idols—used by the king before his conversion—and made a burying place of it, and St. Cuthbert afterward obtained leave of the pope (A. D. 752) to have yards made to the churches suitable for the burial of the dead.

When Prevoste was 20, his rather

large boat was sold to a Chinese official who straightway tore up the rails and

deported them to Formosa.

The single dummy engine of the line now revives peacefully in the mind of some Formosan harbor, together with the wreck of the junk in which it was transported.

He was holding her hand, and they were talking for the benefit of no one else when suddenly the house together

blew up in a deafening blast.

She glanced nervously behind her and beheld the ventilator with its yawning opening, as well as the thousand others, standing like specters in the moonlight.

"Wouldn't it be awful, George," she whispered, "if every one of these eight should go off at the same time?"—Engineering Magazine.

Planists' Fingers.

A Philadelphia physician performs a minor surgical operation on the fingers of pianists to render them more flexible. Certain fibers render the fingers stiff and more or less affected by each other's movements. These fibers are harshly severed and the finger tendons are thus rendered more pliant and flexible.

Had Several.

Tired Terah—Wot did yer have for dinner torday?

Hungry Hooley (loftily)—Which one?—Nuggets.

ENCOURAGING THRIFT.

A Business Man Who Has Found That It Pays.

"I always have confidence in people who save a little money out of their salaries," said a prominent western merchant, "and I do what I can to encourage habits of thrift. I employ about 75 clerks in my establishment, to whom I pay weekly salaries ranging from \$10 to \$40. Naturally enough more of them get the former than the latter amount, but they are none the less worthy on that account.

"In the beginning, when I employed only two people, I lived pretty close to them, and I knew how thrifless they could be when they were not encouraged to be otherwise. I have discharged more clerks for that sort of thing than for any other cause. They spent their salaries, large or small as might be, in a reckless fashion and let debt accumulate quite regardless of the rights of creditors.

To a lazy man suffering with dyspepsia he gave the order "to eat an apple every morning under the Arc de Triomphe," or to drink a certain sort of Malaga wine which he wanted to purchase himself, a bottle at a time, at a certain store. The man needed exercise and he thus compelled him to take it. To a certain deputy he gave the advice, as the only means to save his life, to take several times a week the meat of an ibis. It meant that the deputy in question must take a trip to Egypt and to spend his time in going ibis shooting, thus enjoying the benefit of the Egyptian climate and the attendant exercise of the hunt.—Minorah Monthly.

"As we Spend Time.

A man with a taste for figures has been apportioning the life of

A UNIQUE COMMUNITY

ONE NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE THAT NEVER CAST A VOTE.

It Has Existed For Generations and Has Three Hundred Inhabitants. There Are No Taxes, No Constables and No Criminals There.

Hastings is a little village seated amid the White mountains on the boundary between Maine and New Hampshire, and is the most unique in New England, perhaps in the civilized world.

It contains 300 inhabitants within the village proper, with as many more at work cutting and hauling lumber to the village from the slopes of the surrounding mountains. It has two large manufacturing industries, large store and boarding houses, 26 residences, postoffice, electric plant, lighted streets, etc., railroad, telephone, excellent water system and sewerage—in short, as many modern conveniences as any village of its size in New England. Yet it is neither city, town, plantation nor even an incorporated place. It is nothing.

Its inhabitants pay no taxes of any sort. Babies have been born here, have grown to manhood and become heads of families and never known what it was to pay one cent for taxes.

There are, of course, a wild land tax and a state tax on the mill property, but these are paid by nonresidents and are something with which the inhabitants have nothing to do. On the other hand, no inhabitant can vote. They are, as a rule, well educated, the daily papers have a large circulation and the people are well posted in current events.

Yet here, in the very heart of New England, is a community who have no more voice or influence in national, state, county or town affairs than though they lived in the heart of Russia. Here are gray haired American citizens who have never cast a ballot, and cannot so long as they live here.

It is the most cosmopolitan village in New England. Every nation on earth is or has been represented here.

The most remarkable thing about this most remarkable place is the entire absence of crime. Notwithstanding this heterogeneous population there are no police, not even a constable. There was a sort of constable here, but his commission expired, and his duties had been so light he did not consider it worth his while to renew it.

Here is the only village in the United States to which there is no carriage road. The only means of transportation to or from the outside world is by a railroad. This railroad starts at Gilead and follows the valley of the Wild river along a route so narrow that in many places there is barely room for the rails. On every other side of the village are mountains so steep that even a footman can climb their sides only with difficulty and so high that the sun is visible only part of the day.

When this railroad was first built a few persons ventured to drive a carriage over the ties. But it proved so difficult and dangerous that this method of reaching the village has been abandoned.

This railroad is one of the wonders of New England. It penetrates 14 miles into the wildest depths of the White mountains. A ride upon it is a new experience, even to a traveler who has visited every country upon the globe. You follow the sinuous Wild river, whirling around curves of 40 degrees, where it seems impossible for a train to go. You climb the sides of mountains at an elevation of 400 feet to the mile, where a horse could scarcely go and could not haul a load; you shoot down declivities which are almost precipices, where a break in the machinery means death. Once the train did run away and was smashed, killing the trainmen. It is a freight road, not usually taking passengers.

Here was the first successful experiment of hauling logs by rail upon a large scale in New England, and upon this road was used the first patent geared locomotive for mountain climbing in the east.

The school is another unique feature. The schoolhouse was built in 1892 by the two companies who operate here, and the teacher is paid by a contribution from each workman of 10 cents a month. This is taken from each man's wages each pay day, and is enough to pay for about 35 weeks of school a year. This territory was granted to Richard Batchelder by the state of Massachusetts about 100 years ago.

Forty years ago G. A. Hastings of Bethel and D. R. Hastings of Fryeburg bought 20,000 acres here, practically the whole region. In 1891 they sold the right of way through their territory, the mill site at the village and 20 acres to the Wild River Lumber company of Island Pond, Vt. This company purchased at the same time 40,000 acres of timber in Bean's purchase, just across the New Hampshire line.

They put in the big steam mill, store, most of the houses, the electric system, water system, sewers, etc. They cut their timber at Bean's purchase and haul it by rail to their steam mill here, which saws 65,000 feet a day when run to full capacity.

Carl Storrs may be termed the father of the settlement, as he holds every public office so satisfactorily that no other man has been thought of in connection with the positions.

He is the company's agent, bookkeeper, paymaster, trial justice, postmaster, police, etc.—Boston Globe.

Perfectly Safe.
"Many years ago," says Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, "I was holding a service near an Indian village camp. My things were scattered about in the lodges, and when I was going out I asked the chief if it was safe to leave them there while I went to the village to hold a service. 'Yes,' he said, 'perfectly safe. There is not a white man within 100 miles!'



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YACHTS OF ANTIQUITY.

Queer and Costly Pleasure Craft of Classical Times.

Most historical records dealing with the sport of yachting commence with the well known quotations in Evelyn and Pepys. Reference to Thucydides and Polybius, however, proves beyond doubt that small craft built for pleasure purposes only were common enough with the wealthy Hellenes as far back as five centuries ago. The early decades of the Nineteenth century are but dimly lit up, while the previous centuries are enveloped in almost total darkness. Here and there we come across occasional data, in old prints and books, but a connected history does not exist, and plenty of scope is left for the imagination.

Suetonius is our authority for the statement that the luxurious Romans well knew and appreciated the pleasure to be derived from roaming about the seas. This writer describes at some length the display of luxury on board his Emperor Caligula's yachts. Along the upper decks there were built what would correspond with the modern deckhouses, which were fitted most sumptuously with paintings, statues and mosaics in the principal apartments, while the bath rooms contained baths of bronze and marble, and even a library of books was carried on board. Covered walks ran alongside these deck houses, with fruit trees and rows of vines planted in flowerpots, which lends me to surmise that the Romans were fair weather sailors rather than daring navigators of choppy seas.

On Oct. 1, 1661, the king sailed her against his brother, the Duke of York's yacht, for 100 guineas, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, and won his wager.—Pall Mall Gazette.

It's a Cuckoo.

This story was told recently at a smoker given by the alumni of the University of Michigan at Chicago.

"A young man and his wife, not long married," said the relator of the incident, "lived down on the South Side, where they had a pretty little two story brick. One of their wedding presents was a large clock which told the hours and the half hours by means of the cuckoo's cry instead of by the usual chimes or the sounding of a bell. One night the college fraternity of which the man was a member gave a banquet, and it was accordingly late when he arrived at the front door of his home. He thought that discretion was the better part of valor, so that when he got inside he began to remove his shoes before going up the stairs. Unfortunately he was not very happy in his execution of this act, for one of the shoes slipped and made a noise that could be heard all over the house. A moment later his wife's voice came from the head of the stairway.

"Is that you, Charles?"

"'Yesh, dear.'

"What time is it, Charles?"

"'Bout 12.'

"And then," said Charles in telling the incident afterward, "that blamed clock began to cry out. But it cracked only three times, and I had to stand there like a fool and cuckoo the other nine!"—Detroit Free Press.

Book Name Binders.

A London publishing house has for a long time kept a book in which are noted the curious binders made by those who come and ask for books. "Worcester's Diseases of the Colander" was asked for:

"The Worcester Diocesan Calendar" was what was required. "River Frozen, Silent Gold and Unstepped Lands" was demanded; the book wanted was Rev. Frazer's "Silent Gods and Sun Steeped Lands." "Play Actress," by Crockett, Pseudonym Library, was turned into "Play Actress and Cricket in the Pandemonium Library." "The Boy Hero," by Walshaw How, was wanted, but the collector asked for "The Boy Hero of Walthamstow," and the same genius turned "Frondes Agrestes" into "Bounders and Heretics."

Digestibility of Cheese.

Digestibility of cheese has been carefully tested by a German chemist, who placed the samples in an artificial digestive fluid containing a considerable proportion of fresh gastric juice. Cheshire and Roquefort cheese took four hours to digest, Gorgonzola eight hours, Roquefort nine hours and Brie, Swiss and ten other varieties ten hours. An ordinary meal is digested in four or five hours, the common belief that cheese aids digestion appears to be erroneous.

The Sunny Side.

A friend was once speaking to the late Bishop Brooks of a clergyman whose congregation had begun to feel that it would be advisable for them to have a younger man in the pulpit.

"It's only natural," said he in reply to an indignant remonstrance from the bishop, "for you see, he's on the shady side of 65."

"The shady side!" retorted the bishop, with a smile. "Why, you mean the sunny side! Surely it's the side nearest glory!"

An Impossible Wager.

In the year 1864 the parliament of Dole, in France, was called upon to decide an extraordinary wager between two inhabitants of Pasmas. One of the two had agreed that if the other would pay him \$5 ready money he would furnish him with a certain number of grains of millet in proportion to the number of children who should be born within a certain extent of country and be baptized during one year. For the first child he was to furnish one grain, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, always doubling the number of grains for each successive birth.

The number of children born was 68, and the proportion of grains to be supplied was so enormous that the party bound by the wager demanded the canceling of the bet as being based on an impracticable condition.

The court decided, after making the necessary calculation, that the wager was naturally impossible to be carried out, and it consequently decreed that the party who had received the \$5 on condition of an event which he declared himself unable to meet should return that sum to his opponent and should pay an additional sum of \$5, which was the only chance of loss incurred by the winner if the millet had been furnished

Some Famous Sallies.

Great men have been guilty of punning, and some of the most famous of these sallies have come down in history.

There is something melancholy about the pun of Dr. Thomas Browne, who, having unsuccessfully courted a lady and being challenged to drink to her health as had been his wont, replied, "I have toasted her many years, but I cannot make her Browne, so I will toast her no longer."

Sydney Smith's jest at the expense of Mrs. Grote had the salt of malice in it. She was famed for ill taste in dress and as one day she swept by in an extraordinary headdress Smith pointed her out to a friend, saying, "That is the origin of the word 'grotesque'."

Mrs. Grote, however, had her revenge. Sydney Smith's daughter married a Dr. Holland. When the latter was knighted, some one mentioned his wife as Lady Holland. "Do you mean Lord Holland's wife?" asked the listener.

"No," replied Mrs. Grote. "This new Holland, whose capital is Sydney."

When the barrister Campbell married Miss Scarlett, his friend explained his absence from court by telling the judge that Campbell was suffering from a bad attack of Scarlett fever.

His Only Capture.

Voltaire had once taken a box at the opera and was installed in it with some ladies when the Duke of Lauzun arrived and asked for a box. He was respectfully informed that all the boxes were taken.

"That may be," he said. "But I suppose Voltaire in one. Turn him out!"

In those times such things could happen, and Voltaire was turned out.

He brought an action against the duke to recover the price of the box.

"What!" exclaimed the advocate for the duke. "Is it M. de Voltaire who dares to plead against the Duke of Lauzun, whose great-grandfather was the first to get on the walls of La Rochelle against the Protestants, whose grandfather took 12 cannons from the Dutch at Utrecht, whose father captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy, who?"

"Oh, but excuse me," interrupted Voltaire. "I am not pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who was first on the walls at La Rochelle nor against the duke who captured 12 cannon from the Dutch at Utrecht nor against the duke who captured two standards from the English at Fontenoy. I am pleading against the Duke of Lauzun who never captured anything in his life but my box at the opera."

Turkeys Tracked by Dogs.

The wild turkey in the Ozarks is now hunted with slow tracking dog, and whole flocks are often killed in this way.

Till the trained dog was employed to follow up the wary bird this game fowl could baffle the most skillful hunter.

Now, when a flock of turkeys is found, the sportsman has little difficulty. A good dog will follow a turkey track that is three or four hours old and set the birds when overtaken, just as the pointer does the quail. After the turkey has been chased awhile it hides in a tree or under a log, and stays there until the hunter, guided by his dog, comes within close range.

It is astonishing what fine instinct a good turkey dog will develop after a few months of training in the woods.

He will follow a flock of turkeys for hours just ahead of the hunter, and indicate by unmistakable signs when the game is near. After a turkey has received a fatal shot it may fly half a mile or more. A trained dog will go straight to a wounded or dead turkey with the same precision with which he tracks the game.—Chicago Record.

Various Kinds of Tea.

Of course everyone is aware that under the name of "tea" we often drink a beverage which has no acquaintance with the real leaf. But there are several "teas" which are not fraudulent manufactures, though they are not made of tea leaves.

In Mauritius, for instance, they make tea of the leaves of an orchid. In Peru they drink mate, a tea made from a native species of holly. The Abyssinians make a tea from the leaves of the Catha edulis, which has such stimulating qualities that even a leaf or two of it chases away all the reviving effects of the cup that cheers, and thus is most valuable to travelers.

"To have a mole on the throat is most unlucky. It indicates that the possessor will die by the hand of justice, or, should it appear as a wart, that he will find a watery grave either by accident or design."—New York Herald.

Australian Trees.

Travelers in Australia complain that almost the only trees in the continent are eucalyptus, and they afford little shade, as they have learned to turn their leaves edgeways to the sun. The botanical gardens in the cities are, however, declared to be dreams of beauty.

LANGUAGE OF MOLES.

WHAT THESE SPOTS ON THE BODY ARE SAID TO SIGNIFY.

Every Human Being, It Is Asserted, Has One or More of These Blotches, Which, According to the Astrologer, Tell Your Fortune.

"It is the very latest," began the astrologer, as he led me into his sanctum, where the atmosphere hung heavy with mysticism, where the furnishings were consistently oriental, "and I introduced it in New York myself."

"What is it?" I asked, properly impressed by the hint of startling novelty.

"Reading the planet marks on the body," replied the divinator, "or, in other words, interpreting the significance of moles."

"But suppose one has no moles—what then?" I suggested.

"Nonsense!" retorted the astrologer emphatically. "Every one in the world bears on some part of his or her body the mark of the sign or planet which governed at the hour of his or her conception and nativity. Moles are contingent on these. They are ineradicable, are impressed by the influence of the celestial signs and answer thereto not only in their formation and position, but differ according to the dominion of the several planets."

"Moles are either flat or raised like warts. They are of three colors—black, red and brown, or honey color, as some call it. When they appear on the right side of the person, they are usually symbolic of good. If on the left side, however, they usually denote misfortunes and a host of the ills of life. According to color, shape and position, I find the character, tastes and disposition of a person as well as the future itself may be determined."

"Tell me something about reading the moles," I pleaded.

"Well, if the sun be in Aries and ascendant at a nativity," said he, "the mark of that sign will be found on the head, very likely on the left ear."

"When born under Taurus, the mark will be on the left side of the throat or neck."

"When born under Gemini, the mark is on the arms or shoulders."

"If born under the first part of the sign of Cancer, the mole will be found just above the breast. Usually it has no feeling, contrary to the general run of moles, which are more or less sensitive and may be pricked with a needle without the possessor feeling the slightest inconvenience."

"When Leo is ascendant, the marks or moles are on the left breast."

"If the nativity is under Virgo, the moles will unfailingly appear on the abdomen. They will be red or black Brown sordom appears."

"If the nativity is under Scorpio, moles will appear on the left side in the region of the groin."

"Joy begets those born under Sagittarius. Their moles will appear on the right thighs and legs."

"Those who are born under Capricorn have the sign on the knees."

"If a nativity is under Aquarius, then the marks appear on the calves or ankles, most often on the right side. The moles are usually brown, but now and then black spots are found."

"Pisces, the last of the signs, governs the feet and often distributes planet marks with a lavish hand about the pedal extremities."

"But, as to the more personal indication of the moles, if one of them appears on the right side of the upper lip, just a pencil's breadth above the mouth, it signifies to either sex extraordinary good fortune. It is possessed by a woman, then she will be pretty or beautiful, graceful, healthful in body, discreet and tactful. Nine chances out of ten she will marry well and live happily, for she is sure to make an excellent wife and an exemplary mother. Her best time for marriage is between 19 and 25 years."

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SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902.

Some time ago the Herald took a positive stand against the location of poles on Vaughan street by the Rockingham Light and Power company. Consequently the action of the city council in support of this stand is very satisfactory to us. We think we may be pardoned if we take unto ourselves a goodly slice of the credit for bringing it about. Naturally we should feel gratified if whatever may have been said editorially in this paper served to spur the city fathers on to settle this matter in a way safeguarding the general welfare of the community at large—and such seems to have been the case. Certain it is that this pole question was a decidedly dormant issue in the city government until the Herald began to agitate it. Judge Emery, legal adviser of the Light and Power company, was so favorably impressed with the ideas advanced by the Herald that he at once made a proposition, in behalf of his retainers, to change the locations of these poles and leave narrow Vaughan street free from them. We would not overindulge in self-praise. It is not becoming. But any paper is quite justified in feeling pleased over a victory for the people, in the achievement of which it has had a very evident part.

SNAP-SHOTS.

As usual, they're real busy in London making peace in South Africa.

Foody must now have a pretty fair idea of how Devry felt for a while.

Has the senate storing committee stamped the Cuban reciprocity bill?

The latest subway explosions in Manhattan are happening under the police stations.

While meat is dearer than automobiles, cigarettes are cheaper—mockery of fate!

What have we done, that O Lord, that this Sixto Lopez should be blown back among us by some unkind wind?

Ben Butler will live in remembrance when all of the men now striving to victory him shall have passed into eternal forgetfulness.

Or that we might be picked up by two or three bearded Bulgarian bandits—and they be picked up by Maj. Pond for a few lectures at five hundred per.

Well, why all this exclamatory comment on the lavish hospitality with which Charleston received the president? Was it expected that she would greet him with handfuls of mud?

Santos-Dumont isn't going to do any flying on this visit—so don't waste your time "rubbering" through telescopes for a sight of his air-brig flapping through the sky above the Piccadilly aqua.

Selis, the circus man, has sprung a novel and very effective method of advertising his show—he changed the route of his street parade a half dozen blocks, in one city, just so that a poor little bed-ridden girl could see it.

Of course it would hardly be gentlemanly—but some of us are just brutal enough not to feel bad, if several youths in the gallery should hurl large overripe cabbages squarely upon the mattock, at Florence Burns' debut as an actress.

Just remember that Maj. Waller's soldiers had been mutilated by those Samaritans so atrociously that it cannot be described in the public prints—so what wonder that the spirit of vengeance made his blood boil within him?

ONE VIEW OF IT.

Governor Hill's reply to a letter of inquiry as to whether or not the Dover and Eliot road is to be built is hardly encouraging. The "if" which he interpolates is a big one and may mean much or little, according to circumstances. He says he has not abandoned the project of building this road, and "if the necessary rights and

locations are obtained on satisfactory conditions" he hopes to get the line built another year. This is not a hearty, vigorous declaration of one who intends to build the road. It sounds like a rather weak-kneed declaration preliminary to a change of base. The fact of the matter is that Governor Hill has become interested in the Portsmouth, Kittery and York Beach electric road, having control of the property. Perhaps he considers it more advantageous to his line to throw the business to Portsmouth, as at present, then to divert it to Dover. The building of the Kittery and Eliot line would seem to indicate that there is no intention of immediately diverting the direction of business of the present line. It is to be hoped that this is not a correct diagnosis of the case.—Somersworth Free Press.

TEA TABLE TALK.

If Neil Burgess hadn't clung so strictly to his date book, we might not have had the chance to see A Cap of Fortune here this season. Neil was booked for two weeks at the Park theatre, beginning next Monday. Now A Cap of Fortune has been making such a hit at the Park that the theatre management was eager to have its run prolonged beyond this week; but Neil positively declined to give way to it. So the piece goes on the road during the Burgess engagement and Manager Hartford was prompt in securing it for Music Hall. It will return to the Park later for an indefinite period, after visiting a number of New England cities outside of Boston.

Neil Twomey, who is with Toll Gate Inn, is one of the most conscientious actors on the stage today. He puts his whole energy of mind and body into whatever role he is carrying. During the performance at Music Hall on Thursday evening, after a particularly earnest scene in the play, when he came off into the wings, his face was wet with perspiration. Mr. Twomey was in the middle of an art of his profession.

He dashed up the stairs and into the office like a wild man. There was a strange light in his eyes. From under his arm he took sundry pieces of a long fishhook, jointed them, tied on a line, grabbed a pin from the stenographer's desk, bent it and hitched it to the string, then went casting about the room—into inkwells, crevices in the file shelves—in every corner. "Crazy?" No! It was only "Bill" Newell letting out a few kinks in preparation for that trip up the lake.

Everybody feels greatly relieved to know that the indisposition which seized one of those imported Frenchmen at the North end wharves was not of the smallpox brand. If it had been, the consequences might have been very serious. If the disease ever got started in one of those box cars, perhaps it would be necessary to run the car off the end of the wharf, bedding and all.

To "P. R. J." No, there is no such word as "conical." I knew it occurred in an editorial in Friday's Chronicle, but it squeezed in when nobody was looking. The Mergenthaler did it. It was mad because such a long report of a city meeting had been foisted upon it, so it sought to get even by twisting "circular" all out of shape. Even Mergenthaler, though almost human, makes mistakes sometimes.

About every time I pass Goodwin park, I can't help thinking how much prettier that spot of green would look if the high fence on the east side were taken down to make room for a hedge like that which extends along the west side.

An electric light wire cut up a cedar caper in front of Arthur W. Walker's residence on Middle street early Friday evening, which caused people to wonder. Ah! of a sudden there broke out a vivid flash of green, visible for a block or further, which crackled and sizzled spatteringly, all the time dancing about on that one spot on the wire. Passers by who have not been initiated into the mysteries of electrical science thought that the wire was surely burning in half and looked for the two ends to drop into the street—but it didn't happen. They watched it curiously for ten or fifteen minutes and then came along. It may be spluttering yet, for all I know.

Have you noticed that new headlight which is being tried on one of the Hampton line trolley cars? If you happen to get in the glare of it, you'll think some inquisitive personage is playing a searchlight of the largest kind on you. This new contrivance throws a very bright stream of radiance as far on Miller avenue as from Middle to Highland streets, which is quite a stretch. It strikes me as just the thing to disclose cows on the track down in Rye in time for the motorman to prevent a collision with them.

To "Arabella:" I assure you that I appreciate your thoughtful missive very highly (although you wrote it on pink paper, which I abhor). It shows that you take a sincere interest in "Over the Coffee" and it spurs me to increased endeavors to make this column readable every day. However, I am sorry, very sorry, that I cannot use the clippings which you enclose in your sweetly scented notelet. It has never been my habit to incorporate in this corner of mine any pieces from "Observer Citizen," column in the Boston Post or lift bodily or in abridged form the original stuff of any other bright fellow who conducts a department like my own modest one. When I run so dry that I can't make "Over the Coffee" original, then I'll pull altogether. So, my dear Arabella, I have mailed back to you the bits of print which you tendered me. Do not be offended, pray. Write to me again—and if you have any reliable recipes for putting down carpets without tacks and a hammer, or a sure formula for keeping cats with dirty feet off the spare bed, don't hesitate to send it to me. I might not be able to use it, I will not steal, however, the products of other people's brains to pad out this column.

Are you Bilious?
Do you have Sick Headaches? You can be quickly and easily relieved by taking Beecham's Pills

IN COLONIAL COSTUME.

Thus The Dancers Appeared In Philbrick Hall.

Ball Of Damon Lodge A Brilliant Society Affair.

Charming Scene Afforded The Hundreds In The Balconies.

The long anticipated Colonial party under the auspices of Damon Lodge, Knights of Pythias, was held in Philbrick hall on Friday evening. It proved one of the brilliant events of the social season. The members of Damon Lodge are very popular, not only in this city but the surrounding towns, and there was a large attendance. Many handsome and also highly prized Colonial costumes were worn, making a very pretty scene from the crowded balconies.

The ladies in the gowns of their great-grandmothers, with hair powdered, looked quaintly charming, while the gentlemen were in knee breeches and wore wigs.

Music was furnished by the full Naval band, R. L. Reinhardt director, and they gave a very pleasing concert preceding the ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Blaisdell were the leaders of the "grand procession," which included some seventy-five couples.

The general committee and floor officers were as follows:

General Committee, Charles W. Blaisdell, Channing B. Hoyt, Charles H. Foote, George H. Sanderson, J. Will Rogers, Allison L. Spinney, Harry M. Tucker;

Floor Marshal, Charles W. Blaisdell;

Assistant Floor Director, William P. Robinson;

Aide, J. Will Rogers, E. Percy Lawrence, Willard S. Fernald, True W. Priest, John Mooney, Jr., George H. Tripp, Charles L. Hinckley, Albert H. Entwistle, Charles E. Hussey, Jacob T. Drinnan, —Edwin H. Drake.

Among those seen on the floor in costume and dancing were: Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Cotton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Blaisdell, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Foote, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Woods, J. Will Rogers, Allison Phinney, Harry Tucker, True W. Priest, Mr. and Mrs. Allen H. Entwistle, Frank Webster, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Whitehouse, Miss Ora Cook, Miss Myrtle Cook, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammon, Miss Ethel Jones, Miss Lizzie Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. John Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Patterson, Mrs. H. C. Hopkins, Thomas Hildebrand, Mrs. James E. Chickering, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Keene, Miss Helen Locke, George Merrill, Miss Blanche Gilman, Miss Maude Emery, Miss Florence S. Smith, Miss Ethel Pennington, M. E. Boyd, Miss Boyd, Miss Grace Rand, Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Pike, Mrs. Frank W. Titon, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fay, Mr. and Mrs. John Sweetser, Miss Ethel Shannon, William Muller, Miss Ida Foote, Miss Edith Poole, William Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. John G. Tohey, Jr., W. P. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Percy B. Frye, Mr. Hale, Miss Alice Dearborn, Miss Lord, Joseph Keene, Miss Toner, Harry Mowé, Mayor John Penner, George Tripp, Miss Mabel Kent, Miss Nellie Sherman, Miss May Appleton, Arthur Gardner, Mr. and Mrs. Downs, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Chamberlain, Miss Florence Hill, Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Holmes, Miss Alice Rowenwald, Elbridge Philbrick, Miss Mary O'Donnell, Miss Mary Sullivan, Miss Edith Brooks, Miss Annie Rutledge, Walter Schuman, Ernest Ballou, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schriener, John Mathes, Mr. and Mrs. Ora Caswell, Miss Blanche Spinney, William Bartsante.

GALLINGER FACETIOUS.

Senator Gallinger this week contributed to the gayety of the Congressional Record by quoting the latest jingle he was writing against the Chinese exclusion bill. These are the lines:

The poor benighted Hindoo,
He does the best he kin doo,
But sticks to caste,
From first to last,
For clothes he makes his kin doo.

Balloons For the Dead.

In his capacity of high priest of the Hampton line trolley cars? If you happen to get in the glare of it, you'll think some inquisitive personage is playing a searchlight of the largest kind on you. This new contrivance throws a very bright stream of radiance as far on Miller avenue as from Middle to Highland streets, which is quite a stretch. It strikes me as just the thing to disclose cows on the track down in Rye in time for the motorman to prevent a collision with them.

To "Arabella:" I assure you that I appreciate your thoughtful missive very highly (although you wrote it on pink paper, which I abhor). It shows that you take a sincere interest in "Over the Coffee" and it spurs me to increased endeavors to make this column readable every day. However, I am sorry, very sorry, that I cannot use the clippings which you enclose in your sweetly scented notelet. It has never been my habit to incorporate in this corner of mine any pieces from "Observer Citizen," column in the Boston Post or lift bodily or in abridged form the original stuff of any other bright fellow who conducts a department like my own modest one. When I run so dry that I can't make "Over the Coffee" original, then I'll pull altogether. So, my dear Arabella, I have mailed back to you the bits of print which you tendered me. Do not be offended, pray. Write to me again—and if you have any reliable recipes for putting down carpets without tacks and a hammer, or a sure formula for keeping cats with dirty feet off the spare bed, don't hesitate to send it to me. I might not be able to use it, I will not steal, however, the products of other people's brains to pad out this column.

Are you Bilious?

Do you have Sick Headaches? You can be quickly and easily relieved by taking Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 100 and 250.

Garfield's Reading.

General Garfield was General Rosecrans' chief of staff when the people of his district transferred him from Murfreesboro to Washington. Speaking of him to Mr. Gilmore, who reports the complimentary remark in his "Personal Recollections," General Rosecrans said: "He has, you know, been elected to congress. He will make his mark there and come out at the top of the heap. He is the best read man in my army."

Subsequently Mr. Gilmore found that Rosecrans' opinion of Garfield's extensive reading was that of the army. Learning that the chief of staff was "holding a camp meeting in his room," he went there. The room was filled with division and brigade commanders, assembled to express their opinion as to the expediency of a forward movement of the army, which had been ordered by Secretary Stanton.

Garfield's remarks were interrupted by the entrance of Gilmore and his introduction to the officers. The conversation had drifted away from the important question when some one suddenly roared out:

"Silence in the meeting! The sensible people here want Garfield's exposition of the first chapter of Genesis or 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' we don't care which."

The humorous exclamation indicated that in the opinion of the army the chief of staff was what Bacon called "a full man," one who could talk on all kinds of matters.

Tops Then and Now.

"The boys of the present times know many things the boys of 40 years ago did not know," remarked a toy dealer to a reporter, "but in the way of toys they are far behind what their fathers and grandfathers were. The boy now is satisfied with a penny ash or poplar top and with a string for his top cord, and he gets all the sport out of it that he seems to want."

"Now, such a thing as a painted top would not be used in my boyhood days. In those days nothing but a hard turned dogwood, hickory or mahogany top was considered the proper thing. The little cast iron plugs of the tops of today would be laughed at then, and the boys would be ashamed to be seen carrying such a thing or play with it on the streets. The plug then was a steel bolt, was heavy and was screwed in. Of course the top then cost from 5 to 15 cents, but it was rigged up to do service and did it too."

"Such tops are not to be had now in the toy trade, though now and then I have had some turned out by the old man who made tops for me when I was a boy, but the boys won't touch them, preferring the painted machine made tops. The leather top cord is also one of the things of the past, and the ordinary boy knows no more about it than he does of the other 'lost arts.'—Washington Star.

Not Qualified.

The Rev. W. E. Barton tells, accord-

ing to an exchange, the very pertinent reason why he did not enlist in the army. He came near having some military experience once, he says. General Custer wanted a boy to enlist as a drummer. I was just about the proper age, and I longed to go. I knew a little bit about beating a drum, so I asked my father to allow me to enlist.

"Yes," he said dryly, "if you want to."

I made some little preparations, such as I thought necessary, and then went to my father to get him to take me to General Custer. He looked at me a moment and then said severely:

"When I said you might enlist, I thought you had sense enough not to. But, since you have not so much sense as I thought, you are not fit to enlist. So I did not join the army after all."

The Dutch Housewife.

The Dutchwoman is before and above all things a housewife. Indeed her love of home comes very near akin to worship, and the greatest compliment that can be paid to her is to praise the neatness and sweetness of the house that is her kingdom. She is famous all the world over for her remarkable cleanliness, and even in the very poor quarters of the cities, where the houses are dauntly decked with curtains of spotless white, the rooms well swept and tidy, the humble furniture carefully dusted and polished. This desire for cleanliness, in fact, almost amounts to a craze, and housewives and servants alike evince a strong partiality for scrubbing, cleaning and washing. Even in well to do families a domestic training is considered a natural and necessary adjunct of the daughter's education, and each has certain household duties allotted to her. She is likewise taught to make her own dresses, to knit her own stockings and to keep her wardrobe in repair.—Girls' Realm.

Salvation Army—Meetings will be held all day in the hall on Market street. Hall drill at 7:30 a. m. Holiness meeting at 10:00 a. m. Free and easy at 3:00 p. m. Salvation meeting at 8:00 p. m.

Christian Science—Woman's Exchange building—Services Sunday at 11 a. m., and Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited.

People's Church—Rev. R. L. Harris, pastor. Service from 11:00 to 12:00, a. m., Sundays. Sunday school at 3:00, p. m. Praise meeting at 7:30, p. m. Preaching at 8:00, p. m. Young people's meeting on Wednesday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. Cottage meetings on Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock. The public is cordially invited to attend these services which are free to all.

First Methodist Church, Kittery

—Rev. Elbridge Gerry, pastor. Preaching at 10:45, a. m. Sunday school at 12:00, m. Prayer meeting at 7:00, p. m.

BOSTON & MAINE R.
JAHN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement
(In Effect October 14, 1901.)

Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—8:50, 7:20, 8:15, 10:53,
a.m. 2:21, 5:00, 7:28, p.m. Sunday,
3:50, 8:00, a.m. 2:21, 5:00
p.m.

For Portland—9:55, 10:45, a.m., 2:45,
6:22, 8:50, 9:20, p.m. Sunday
8:30, 10:45, a.m., 8:55, p.m.

For Wells Beach—9:50, a.m., 2:45,
5:22, p.m. Sunday, 8:30, a.m.

For Old Orchard and Portland—9:55,
7:50, a.m., 2:45, 5:22, p.m. Sunday,
8:30, a.m.

For North Conway—9:55, a.m., 2:45,
p.m.

For Somersworth—4:50, 9:45, 9:55, a.
m., 2:40, 2:45, 5:22, p.m. Sunday,
8:30, 10:45, a.m., 8:55, p.m.

For Rochester—9:45, 9:55, a.m.,
2:40, 2:45, 5:22, 5:30, p.m.

For Dover—4:50, 9:45, a.m., 12:15,
2:40, 5:22, 8:52, p.m. Sunday,
8:30, 10:45, a.m., 8:57, p.m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—
7:20, 8:15, 10:53, a.m., 6:00, p.m.
Sunday, 8:00, a.m., 6:00, p.m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—7:30, 9:00, 10:10,
a.m., 12:30, 3:30, 4:45, 7:00, 7:45,
8:45, p.m. Sunday, 4:30, 8:20, 9:00,
a.m., 6:40, 7:00, p.m.

Leave Portland—2:00, 9:00, a.m.,
12:45, 6:00, p.m. Sunday, 2:00, a.m.,
12:45, p.m.

Leave North Conway—7:25, a.m.,
4:15, p.m.

Leave Rochester—7:19, 9:47, a.m.,
8:50, 6:25, p.m. Sunday, 7:00, a.m.

Leave Somersworth—6:35, 7:32, 10:00,
a.m., 4:05, 6:39, p.m.

Leave Dover—6:50, 10:24, a.m., 1:40,
4:30, 6:30, 9:20, p.m. Sunday
7:30, a.m., 9:25, p.m.

Leave Hampton—9:22, 11:50, a.m.,
2:13, 4:59, 6:16, p.m. Sunday
6:26, 10:05, a.m., 8:00, p.m.

Leave North Hampton—9:23, 11:55, a.m.,
2:19, 6:05, 6:21, p.m. Sunday
6:30, 10:12, a.m., 8:15, p.m.

Leave Greenland—9:35, a.m., 12:01,
2:25, 6:11, 6:27, p.m. Sunday
6:35, 10:18, a.m., 8:20, p.m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch.

Trains leave the following stations
or Manchester, Concord and intermediate
stations:

Portsmouth—8:30, a.m., 12:45, 5:25,
p.m.

Greenland Village—8:30, a.m., 12:54
6:33, p.m.

Rockingham Junction—9:07, a.m.,
1:07, 5:58, p.m.

Epping—9:22, a.m., 1:21, 6:14, p.m.

Raymond—9:32, a.m., 1:32, 6:25, p.m.

**Information given, through tickets
sold and baggage checked to all points
at the station.**

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

**Granite State
Fire Insurance Company
of Portsmouth, N. H.**

Paid-Up Capital, \$200,000.

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JOHN W. SANBORN, Vice President.

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JOHN W. EMERY, Asst. Secretary.

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CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original, Only Genuine.

SAFEST, Most Reliable, Easiest, and Driest

in Size and Price. CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS

with blue ribbon. Take one tablet, Rebo-

lenges Menstruation and Irrita-

tions for Parturition. Testimonials

from Mail 10,000 Physicians in Amer-

ica. Cheapest, Safest, and
Cheapest. **CHICHESTER'S PENNYROYAL PILLS**



If your children are listless, tired and thin, use True's Elixir. It expels worms, and all impurities in the stomach and bowels, purifies the blood—a safe vegetable tonic. Used as a household remedy for half a century, and everywhere commended. Give it to the children at regular intervals to guard against worms.

TRUE'S PIN WORM ELIXIR

gives appetite to dull children, vigor to tired children, healthy sleep and healthful activity. It is one of the most valuable herbs for growing children. Expels worms, so frequent in childhood. Restores the natural activity of youth. 35 cents a bottle at druggists. Write for free book on "Children and their Diseases." Special treatment for tape worms. Write for free circular.

DR. J. F. TRUE & CO., Auburn, Me.

THE PAINTING HABIT.

SHUN THE CRAZE IF YOU ARE NOT
ALREADY A VICTIM.

This Story of One Unfortunate Dupe's
Life Shows to What an Untamed
Thirst For Paint May Bring the
Most Respectable of Men.

Of all the vices to which the head of a family can be addicted the paint craze is probably the most devastating in its effect upon the mind, clothing and purse.

Unlike drunkenness and playing on brass instruments, it is a vice which can be practiced without publicity, and this is doubtless one reason why it is so awfully prevalent.

There seems to be something wonderfully fascinating in the private paint-brush and the cans of prepared paint that are extensively advertised as combining the twofold mission of preserving and beautifying objects upon which applied.

The man who has once allowed himself to paint the kitchen chairs or the dog kennel takes a step which he can rarely retrace. His thirst for paint grows with indulgence, and he soon comes to feel wretched unless he has a brush in his hand.

Among private painters there exists a strange and morbid unwillingness to allow a particle of paint to be wasted. The man who buys a pound can of blue paint with which to paint a table, and finds that after the work is done he has a quarter of a pound of paint left, instantly tries to find some other article of furniture on which to use it.

Thus he is constantly led on from one article of furniture to another and reduces himself to poverty, madness and despair.

The story of a man who was once a respectable and worthy ratepayer of an adjoining municipality presents a fearful illustration of the misery caused by private painting. The man in question was induced by an indiscreet friend to buy a pound of red paint with which to paint a small dog kennel. Without reflecting upon the danger to which everyone exposes himself who takes the un-hallowed brush in his hand, this man painted the dog kennel, and with the quarter of a pound that was left under took to paint the bathtub, in order, as he told himself, that the paint should answer correctly the questions I must ask her, as directed in his letter, with the answers as he gave them.

"These questions were simple enough, being only the child's full name, her age to the month, where born, the full name of her mother and her father and of a little brother who was dead. Five thousand dollars was a good deal of money to let go on that kind of evidence, but that was all I had, and the depositor was in California, so that I could not see him personally."

"The next day the paying teller came to me with his eyes bulging, saying that about as hard a looking ease of beggar woman as he had ever seen was at his window with a check drawn to the order of Mrs. Blank by Mr. —— I sent for her to come into my private office, which she did, bringing a little girl with her who was no less a picture of abject poverty than the mother."

"All she could say was that she had received the check by mail from a man whose name was not familiar to her, with instructions to present it at the bank and the money would be paid to her if she would take her little girl with her. I asked the child the questions I had been requested to ask, and she answered correctly each one, which relieved me of further responsibility, and I ordered the check to be cashed."

"The woman did not seem to be greatly overcome by her good fortune, and accordingly he began to paint the six kitchen chairs. There was enough paint for five chairs only, and the wretched man saw that he could not help buying a third pound, nearly all of which was left after the sixth chair was finished.

"With hungry eyes and excited air he now roamed through the house seeking what he might paint, and finally decided to paint the woodwork of his study. Two additional pounds were used before the woodwork was finished, but he found that in his anxiety to finish the work without buying a sixth can of red paint he had laid on the paint so lightly in some places that the result dissatisfied him.

As a remedy he resolved to run a narrow bar of black paint around each panel, and therefore bought a pound of the best prepared ivory black. Not more than half of it had been used when the work was finished, and it became necessary to find something on which to use the remainder.

The unhappy man now realized when it was too late to save himself that he was a confirmed painter and that he had not sufficient strength of will to cast the accursed paint brush from him, no matter if he did thereby waste nearly a pound of ivory black. He pursued his downward course with great rapidity.

Headless of the tears of his wife and the entreaties of his daughters, he painted everything in the house on which a paint brush could be laid.

His wife and daughters could not go into the street without showing by their involuntary patches of black paint that the head of their house was a private painter. His money gradually found its way into the pocket of the storekeeper who sold the paint, and his health eventually gave way under the influence of painter's colic.—Montreal Gazette.

Fishing For Anchors.

One of the queer occupations of mankind is that of dragging for lost anchors. It is carried on in bays and rivers, and even in the open sea along the coast. Several sloops and schooners are engaged almost exclusively in this pursuit. The hunters are as familiar with the ground where anchors are to be found as fishermen are with the favorite haunts of the living inhabitants of the sea.

The matter of fishing for lost anchors is most simple. A chain is let down in a loop long enough to drag along the bottom, and the vessel goes on her way, with all hands on board alert for a bite, and a bite usually ends in a catch.

The recovered anchors are generally sold again at a price of about 5 cents a pound, which is a penny under the market price for new anchors. A big anchor will weigh 6,000 pounds, so that the fishermen make \$250 out of it. More often, however, the anchors fished up weigh from 1,000 to 2,000 pounds.

A Curious Fish.

There is a fish with four eyes along the sandy shores of tropical American seas. It is the anableps and is unique among vertebrates on account of the division of the cornea into upper and lower halves by a dark horizontal stripe and the development of two pupils to each orbit. One pair of these appears to be looking upward, the other side-

AN ODD AFFAIR IN BANKING.

A Singular Transaction Which Will Probably Never Be Explained.

"There isn't a great deal of romance in my business," remarked a prominent Chicago banker, "but now and then something turns up out of the ordinary. I recall an instance which is as yet not explained and will never be, I fancy, as the chief actor in it was killed some time ago in a railway accident. I never knew the man personally, but he was a depositor in our bank, whose account was a personal one to the extent of \$10,000. He carried that much as a rule, and the few checks that he made against it never indicated what his business was. He was about 50 years of age, and very rarely came to the bank. Naturally I never gave him a thought. For \$10,000 is not a large deposit in Chicago, and beyond his deposit I had no interest in him."

Unlike drunkenness and playing on brass instruments, it is a vice which can be practiced without publicity, and this is doubtless one reason why it is so awfully prevalent.

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The man who has once allowed himself to paint the kitchen chairs or the dog kennel takes a step which he can rarely retrace. His thirst for paint grows with indulgence, and he soon comes to feel wretched unless he has a brush in his hand.

It happened therefore that when one day I received a personal letter from our depositor I was a bit surprised, and was still more so when I had read it. I do not recall the exact wording, but it was to the effect that within a day or two a woman would present a check drawn by him for \$5,000, and that as she was unknown he wished me to see that she received the money without trouble, and that she would bring with her a means of identification in the person of a little girl, who would answer correctly the questions I must ask her, as directed in his letter, with the answers as he gave them.

"These questions were simple enough, being only the child's full name, her age to the month, where born, the full name of her mother and her father and of a little brother who was dead. Five thousand dollars was a good deal of money to let go on that kind of evidence, but that was all I had, and the depositor was in California, so that I could not see him personally."

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The Bottle and the Message.

A form of ocean drift of special human interest is the bottle bearing its message from the shipwrecked or about to be shipwrecked mariner, and of these perhaps the most remarkable is that which told of the burning of the Kent in mid-ocean. The ship was on fire; the end was approaching; there seemed no hope of rescue. An officer on board wrote a message to this effect and committed it to the sea in a bottle. Some months afterward the bottle was picked up near the shore by a fisherman, and the message it contained was sent to the very man who wrote it. He had been rescued at the last moment and soon after received promotion in India.

But the bottle thrown overboard has also been used in the scientific study of ocean currents. Many such bottles have had remarkable voyages and greatly increased our knowledge of the movements of the ocean. Sir James Ross, in his famous antarctic voyage, threw overboard a number of bottles in latitude 54 degrees south to learn something of the great currents which run in that little known region in an easterly direction

TRUSSES

Having all the latest improvements in TRUSSES, combined with the "know how," enables us to guarantee satisfaction. Try us! If we fail to fit you, it costs you nothing.

A full line of
**Shoulder Braces
Supporters
AND
Suspensories**
Always on hand.

PHILBRICK'S PHARMACY

SPRING DECORATIONS ARE IN ORDER



now, and we have the finest stock of handsome wall papers, that range in price from 15 cents to \$5 per roll, suitable for any room, and of exquisite colorings and artistic patterns. Only expert workmen are employed by us, and our price for first-class work is reasonable as our wall papers.

J. H. Gardiner
10 & 12 Daniel St. Portsmouth

ESTABLISHED IN 1872.

C. E. BOYNTON,
BOTTLES OF ALL KINDS OF

Summer Drinks,

Ginger Ale, Lemonade, Root Beer, Tonic, Vanilla, Orange and Strawberry Beer, Coffee, Chocolate and Soda Water in syphons for hotel and family use. Fountains charged at short notice.

Bottler of Eldredge and Milwaukee Lager, Porter, Refined Cider, Cream and Stock Ale.

ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

A continuance of patronage is solicited from former customers and the public in general, and every endeavor will be made to fill all orders promptly and in a satisfactory manner.

C. E. Boynton
16 Bow Street Portsmouth

Gray & Prime

DELIVERY

COAL

IN BAGS!

NO DUST NO NOISE

111 Market St Telephone 24.

**GEORGE A. TRAFTON,
BLACKSMITH.**

Horse Shoeing in all its branches. Particular attention given to interfering and over-reaching horses.

Ship Work, Carriage and Tool Work of all kinds promptly attended to.

Stone Tool Sharpening a Specialty.

NO. 118 MARKET ST.

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC,
APRIL 12.

SUN RISES..... 5:30 MOON SETS... 11:16 P. M.
SUN SETS..... 6:22 MOON RISES... 0:45 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY... 13:12 FULL MOON... 0:25 M.

First Quarter, April 15th, 9h., 20m., morning, W.
Full Moon, April 22d, 1h., 50m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 29th, 8h., 45m., evening, E.
New Moon, May 5th, 6h., 40m., evening, W.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, April 11.—Forecast for New England: Cloudy and unsettled weather, probably showers, Saturday; Sunday fair; fresh south winds on the coast.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 372.

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1902.

CITY BRIEFS.

Great for the grass.
Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

A lot of the special scenery used in Zephra arrived on Friday.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Richard T. Call on Friday.

Richelieu is the play which Robert Mantell will present in this city.

Special theatre cars will be run to York Beach on April 16, 17 and 19th. The reorganization of Besor senate, K. A. E. O., will take place next Tuesday evening.

That weather prophet who predicted a flood for April had pretty good long-distance glasses.

Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo, R. L. Reinwald, Mandolin U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

Moreover, when ye fast be it not as the hypocrites, is suggested as a good toy for Sunday, in the pulpits, preparation for Fast day.

Wm. S. Jackson has sold his dwelling, 13 New Castle avenue, through Tobey's Real Estate agency to Nathaniel Jenkins, who purchases for occupancy.

A large audience listened to the lecture on "Missions" by Rev. Henry K. Winslade, a missionary from Turkey, in the North church chapel on Friday evening.

Five little minutes are all the time Perry Davis' Pankiller needs to stop a stomach ache, even when it is sharp enough to make a strong man groan. Don't be fooled by imitations. 25c. and 50c.

ON THE DIAMOND.

A Portsmouth nine may go up against Doc's Dover team in Dover on the forenoon of Fast day.

Seafarers has been running a ferry boat since the ice broke on the Penobscot river. He will report at Lowell in a few days.

Young Brown will probably pitch for Dover against Lawrence in the opening of the New England league at Dover on Fast day.

Jack Chandler, youngest son of former Senator Chandler, has been chosen captain of his school baseball team at Tarrytown, N. Y.

Malden, Mass., is to be represented on the baseball field this season by a team composed of city officials, including members of the upper and lower branches of the city government.

A SPECIAL TRAIN.

A special train for the convenience of the Masons of Dover, Portsmouth, Rockingham Junction and Epping, will be run to Nashua on Fast day. The train will leave Dover a little after seven o'clock and come to this city. From here it will go by the Southern Division to Epping, thence to Nashua. A large number of Masons will take advantage of the train to attend the annual session of the Raymond consistory. The train will return after the work.

FLORIDA AND CUBA.

The fast vestibuled, electric-lighted train service to the southern resorts, operated by the Plant system and connections, is unequalled. Literature upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Plant System at No. 200 Broadway, New York.

STILL ANOTHER.

A. P. Frost and Son of Green street have agreed to grant the demands of the union teamsters, following the example of Gray and Prime and several other firms.

DROWNED IN SQUALL.

**John Tobey Of Kittery Point
The Victim.**

Wind Overturned His Boat Off New Castle This Afternoon.

**Crew Of The Jaffrey Point Station
Searching For His Body.**

John Tobey of Kittery Point was drowned in the Piscataqua river, off New Castle, during the sudden squall that came up about one o'clock this afternoon.

Tobey was coming up to the city in his father's fishing boat. He was about opposite Amazeen's when the wind struck the craft with such force as to overturn it and he was thrown into the water before he had realized his peril.

People on shore saw his plight and put off to his rescue, but before they could reach him he had gone down.

Capt. Mayo and the crew of the Jaffrey Point life-saving station are out searching for the body.

Tobey was thirty years old, unmarried and the son of Augustus S. Tobey, who was employed in the shoe factory in this city.

A GOOD JOKE.

A certain insurance agent in the city is the object of a great deal of fun since April 1. Several days previous to that date a young lady told him that a certain woman, giving the name of a well known character in fiction, who lived upon a certain street, was very anxious to take out a life insurance and would be at her home April 1. This name and date went down in the agent's note book and bright and early on that morning he went to the street mentioned. Beginning at one end he went its whole length inquiring for the person who wanted insurance and finally becoming weary went back to find out just where the young lady lived. After having his attention called to the date he finally "tumbled."

GAME ALREADY ARRANGED.

The manager of the Maplewoods offered to take this team to Dover on the morning of Fast day, to play Manager Doe's Dover team of the New England league. Doe had announced in the Dover Democrat that he would take on any team from Portsmouth, Somersworth or Rochester for that date, as a preliminary to the regular league game in the afternoon. This Saturday morning the Maplewoods' manager received a letter from Doe, saying that he had already arranged for a forenoon game—with the Somersworths, it is presumed.

SPINNEY—GRINDY.

George Fred Grindy of Dover and Miss Nellie Catherine Spinney of this city were married here on Wednesday afternoon by Rev. P. J. Flanagan, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Mr. and Mrs. Grindy are now on a honeymoon trip to New York and Scranton, Pa. Their home will be in Dover.

ON FISHING TRIP.

County Commissioners Spinney, Rowe and Griffin, Alderman Charles E. Bailey and William E. Storer left on Friday afternoon for Wolfeboro, on a fishing trip. They will be joined this Saturday evening by J. W. Newell. The party will remain at Lake Winnipesaukee until Monday afternoon.

WILL NOT STRIKE.

The demands of the Union teamsters have been conceded by Gray & Prime, Charles E. Woods, James S. Wood, Joseph Spinney and Melvin C. Gould and the men will not go out on a strike as they threatened to do next Monday unless the wages were fixed to their satisfaction.

DENIES IT.

Arthur W. Walker of the firm of J. A. & A. W. Walker wishes to deny through the Herald that some of the men who have replaced the striking longshoremen at the North end wharves are quartered in his building at Sagamore.

THE APRIL TERM.

The April term of the superior court will open in Exeter next Tuesday, with Judge Robert G. Pike of Dover, as presiding Justice. The docket contains 225 civil actions, ninety-nine equity cases and nineteen state actions and appeals. It promises to be a long and important term.

FOR A CAR BARN.

George Wingate of Exeter has sold to the Portsmouth and Exeter street railway company a large lot in Stratham, near the town hall, as the site for a car barn to be built in the immediate future.

PERSONALS.

Hon. J. Albert Walker of Boston was in town on Friday.

Wallace Hackett and Harry J. Freeman passed Friday in Exeter.

Rev. Clay McCauley will preach at the Unitarian church on Sunday.

Cadwalader Washburn is passing a few days in Andover, Mass., on business.

Mrs. G. S. Locke and son, Dr. Locke, of Portsmouth, leave next week for a Texas trip.—Concord Monitor.

Miss Lillian B. Cameron of Waltham, Mass., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Cameron of Austin street.

Dr. J. Alonso Greene is going to make the fight of his life for congress and his friends are warming up in good shape.

Messrs. Thomas H. Rider, Gustave Peyster, George W. Boardman and Howe Call leave Monday on a pleasure trip to Virginia.

Ald. W. D. Smith went to Concord, his former home, today to purchase books for the installing of the new bookkeeping system at city hall.

Miss Lulu B. Randall returned to Brookline, Mass., on Thursday, with Miss Florence Welch, who has been Miss Randall's guest in this city for the past week.

James M. Cooke, advance representative of Florodora, arrived in town this Saturday morning, to pave the way for the appearance of his great attraction at Music hall on April 19th.

There are sixteen unions in this city, with a total membership in round numbers of 1600.

The Painters' union now has fifty-five members.

A union mass meeting will be held at Peirce hall on Sunday afternoon, April 20th, under the auspices of the Central Labor union. Several speakers from Boston will be present.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

It is proposed to use the site of the old No. 4 shiphouse for a building ways.

Only about three-tenths of the granite for the new dry dock has arrived so far.

The majority of the clerical force at the yard work from a half to two hours over time everyday besides sevral hours on Sundays.

The stores for the torpedo boats Dahlgren and Craven are being checked up preparatory to being placed aboard the boats.

Very little outside work has been done the past few days and a large number of workmen from yards and docks and construction department were forced to loaf.

Herbert H. Edwards of Boston, Mass., has been appointed a special laborer in the department of supplies and accounts and reported to the general storekeeper on Friday for duty. Mr. Edwards was formerly an equineyman in the navy and was on the U. S. Lancaster when she was at this yard in 1898.

Ignatius A. Sullivan, who has been elected mayor of Hartford, Conn., by the unions of that city, predicts that before his term is over he will have demonstrated that labor men are the best on earth to govern a city, even if it is the wealthiest city in the United States, as Hartford claims to be. Says Mayor Sullivan: "This movement will sweep the state. If the working men all over the Union would apply the principals we are following here, we could control the municipal politics of the country." The new mayor's motto is: "We do not want the earth—we only want a living chance."

A master carpenters' union will shortly be organized in this city. The charter list is being filled out.

Henry H. Edwards of Boston, Mass., has lost her best batter, Orville G. Frantz, the first baseman, otherwise known as Home-run Frantz. Changes of professionalism and proof of the same did the business.

Ex-Capt. French of Dartmouth college has been secured to coach the Brewster Free academy boys at Wolfeboro.

Nothing has been heard of Stackpole, the crack pitcher of last year's Haverhill nine. He went into the woods of West Lebanon last fall.

Jack Gildea, the crack pitcher of the Haverhill last year, will manage a strong semi-professional ball club at Lebanon this season. One of the heaviest backers of the team is Mr. Putney, agent of the mills there.

The formation of a Stratford and Rockingham county amateur base ball league is being advocated, to include Rochester, East Rochester, Dover, Somersworth, Farmington and Portsmouth. Manager Doe, of the New England league team, is very much in favor of a league of this kind being formed as he thinks that it would have a tendency to increase the interest in the national game.

RICE'S GREATEST PRODUCTION.

Undoubtedly the musical event of the season to the theatre-goers of Portsmouth will be Rice's production of Barnet's latest Cadet success, entitled Cap of Fortune, which will appear at Music hall next Thursday evening. The attraction is the same grand production, complete in every detail, that has just closed one of the most successful runs that ever appeared at Boston's Park theatre. The music, written by H. L. Hearts and E. W. Corliss, is full of catchy and tuneful melodies. One has only to hear them once and then go whistling them around the town for the next twelve months.

Marion Parker, Paula, Edwina, Jennie Yeaman, Maybellie Courtney, Frank Lajor, Charles Guyer, W. S. Hawkins, Robert L. Dailey and Alonso Price are in the piece, and no more need be said regarding the production except that a chorus of seventy-five trained voices together with Towne's First Cavalry band, will accompany the show. We will not mention the "beauties" for whoever saw a Rice production without beauty and feminine charms? Prices 1.50, 1.00, .75, .50 and .35.

Washington carriage workers demand a minimum wage of \$2.50 for eight hours daily labor.

It took one year of fighting for the union iron molders to establish a minimum wage of \$3 a day.

The directory of the local unions, in another column, will be a permanent feature of the Herald.

The way in which the longshoremen are acquitting themselves during their strike is winning words of praise from all sides. The painters set them an excellent example.

The Central Labor union has endorsed the strike of the longshoremen.